

## King of Dragons

by Mr. K.W.C

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Fantasy

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-05-05 10:52:01

Updated: 2014-05-18 03:36:44

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:37:41

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,975

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Original story by Scorpion6955. Frostbite, the son of Hiccup and Astrid, had a miserable life. But after meeting a strange old man in the world, his fate was changed dramatically. Now, he must use his new found powers to save the world from a tyrannical overlord before it is too late. Rated T for possible violence.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*A/N: This story was created by Scorpion6955. He said in the last chapter of the series that he will allow me to adopt this story. I asked him by PM and he agreed that I can adopt the concept of it. If any of you found similarities between this fic and his, that is because I'm planning to use some elements from his two and try to improve upon it.\*\*

\*\*Anyway, neither Scorpion6955 nor I own How To Train Your Dragon.  
DreamWorks  
does.\*\*

\_It was a dark stormy night. A woman was giving birth to a baby. She was screaming loudly.

\_A healer was aside her, and tried to tell her the fact the baby was a stillborn.

" Madam, he's... not breathing."

" Get out! Get out, all of you!"

The only ones left in the hut was the woman and his stillborn baby.

She held her baby tightly.

"\_Don't worry, I'm not gonna let anything happen to you." She cried.\_

\_She left the hut, rode on her dragon, and flew towards the mountains.

"Frostbite, are you coming down or not?" My sister, Valhammra called when I was lying on my bed, thinking about what am I doing with my life.

My name is Frostbite Haddock. The eldest son of Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III and Astrid Haddock. The heir of the chief of the Hooligan Tribe. Although I'm not sure that I am qualified at being a chief. I'm always too weak to lift anything.

In fact, that's just a part of my miserable 14 years of life.

I had no friends, my family either ignores me, or in my younger brother, Aster's case, tease me or being a freak.

Admittedly, he's right. Every dragon in the village for whatever reasons, seems to either hates me or just plain out avoid me at every cost possible. One time, a Deadly Nadder just fired at a house aside him just to get away. Good thing it missed, I didn't want to get hurt from it. I heard that their fire are so hot, they could melt through stone pillars at ease.

As I was about to get out of the bed, I heard my dad came back from his duties as chief. I heard he was a scrawny boy like me. I wonder will growth spurts will ever do the same for me?

"Hello, family." I heard my dad said.

Out of annoyance from me not responding, Val decided to just walk down stairs and said that I was sleeping like a baby.

She's partially right, I was very tired. In fact, I didn't even know why I was still awake at that moment.

As I was about to fall into a deep sleep, I heard my younger brother was calling me a freak and complaining about mum's cooking again.

The last words I heard before I blacked out was from my dad. Apparently he was talking to Aster.

"You'll regret this someday, son. And it will be embarrassing, trust me."

The next morning I woke when the sun was barely up

Why did I actually wake up is beyond me but seeing there's nothing to

do, I decided to take a walk in the woods.

I sneaked past my dad's Night Fury, my mom's Deadly Nadder and Aster's Changewing. It's weird that Toothless is still asleep during this time, usually he is the first to wake up my dad.

The woods were quiet, like there's something ominous will happen soon.

As I travelled through the woods, I release my anger by throwing my dagger at every possible tree that I walked past.

"I'm such a failure! An utter, complete failure!" I yelled.

Then, I realized that I've venture too far into the woods.

To make matters worse, the sky is darkening, fast.

The rain starting pouring in heavily.

I took off my black fur vest and covered my head with it, then I ran towards a cave.

An old man was looking out from the cave.

"Here he comes. . . ."

I stepped into the dark and seemingly empty cave.

I took my fur vest off and twist it, trying out squeeze out the water inside it.

"Perfect, just perfect." I said sarcastically. "Mom's going to kill me!"

"Ah...the weather, so unpredictable."An elderly voice said behind me." The weather here changes every half hour."

"What...who...are you" I was surprised to see an old man, with long gray hair and beard. A bald patch was visible on top of his head. He had grey eyes that made me tranquil for some reasons... like I could trust him, to tell all my thoughts to.

"My name is Verpo, and you are..." He smiled.

"Um...Frostbite."

"So, what brings you to this part of the woods in such wonderful weather?" There were clearly sarcasm in his line of tone.

"Oh, you know, the usual 'walking in the woods to think and then the storm hits' routine'." I responded.

"You know, a young man like you, usually thinks at a different time. Why are you doing here by this hour?"

"I couldn't sleep. I'm having some... troubles." I replied, before realizing that I'm opening up to him. "Wait, Why am I talking to you? I barely even know you!"

"You need someone to talk to. I see that you never had anyone that would listen to you, is that right?"

I nodded.

"Pardon me, my intuitive skills are a bit rusty but I can say, you have to many problems clouding your conscience and you never told them to anyone, not at all."

He's right. I do have a lot of problems that I never told to anyone, but how did he know that?

"Here, would you mind giving me your palm?" Verpo asked.

Is he... trying to read my palm? I thought that palmistry is forbid in...anywhere that I could think of. Even someone did lean it, I don't recall anyone that have arrived at Berk, and disappeared in the woods in the last few years. Dad never mentioned it either, though he might be too busy to tell me.

Nevertheless, I raised my palm and let him take a look at it, seeing that no harm could be done if I did it.

"Your past is full of negligence and disappointment, but there's good news on the horizon. You're about to reach a point in life where you will have to choose between life or death, being normal or different, a chiefdom or a kingdom." he said.

What? What does that even mean? It feels like he just told some gibberish to me!

"You're crazy, aren't you?"

"Aren't we all crazy, in some ways?"

After he said that, the sky seemed to have cleared up, the birds and Terrible Terrors are singing again and the light is shining, revealing the cave entrance.

"I better be going."

'Good, if you ever needed to talk to me, you're welcome to come back here to the Mountain of Forgotten" He said.

And a few moments later, I was already on my way to the village.

I do feel a lot better somehow. It's like there was a huge rock that is always crushing me to death, by talking to someone - even is a strange, creepy old man in the woods, it removes the rock a little bit.

Anyway, I felt better than ever before.

Until I was back at the village.

At the door, picking his nails, Aster teased me again.

"Well, look who's back. I was having fun without you."

"Too bad, you're stuck with me for a long...long time"

"No, you're just a runt. I see you almost getting killed by dragons every day. So, chances are, you might be dead tomorrow." He smirked.

"That's not true! They're just trying to get away from me!"

"Yeah, whatever, tell that to dad when he finds you burnt to a crisp."he said.

I sighed. Why is Aster so difficult to get along with?

\*\*And that's chapter 1. For those of you who read Scorpion6995's original series, you may see that I've mashed chapter 1 and 2 of the original, and added something from its can also see that I used first-person narrative to tell the story.(Yes, I'm being a here but it's for a good reason. This what I meant by improving on it. Though shortening the story is a side-effect, I managed to do so by the means of them.)\*\*

\*\*Anyway, please review to help me improve on writing it.\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*A/N: If you think that I don't write fast enough. You're right. But that's also because I have to juggle between two fics. So if you don't see an update for two weeks straight. Don't worry, I'm just busy with my other fic.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: Neither Scorpion6955 nor I own How To Train Your Dragon.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The day for me is still the same as before. Terrible.</p>

The dragons hate me like an eel. Like usual.

I have to work at the forge and it's like that I'm inside a Monstrous Nightmare's flaming body, which is also bad... and frightening, if you put it in context.

I was staring out the window, looking at the most beautiful I knew.

Anna Thorston, the adoptive daughter of Tuffnut Thorson, who, is a friend of my dad. She has long, silky, black hair and the world's

most beautiful pair of blue eyes that anyone would fall for.

Just as I see Aster around the corner, trying to talk to Anna, Gobber just had to ruin my chance to stop him from talking to her.

"Frostbite! Enough dilly-dallying! I want this sword sharpen now!" He yelled.

Gods! For an 70-year-old man, he sure can yell quite loudly.

Sometimes, I doubt that he actually cares about the importance of fascinating romance between a boy and a girl. Every time I gazed at Anna, he always snapped me back into reality. It's like he don't understand that I actually have a crush on Anna.

Then again, nobody understands me.

Since I couldn't hear what Aster was talking, or flirting - as anyone with a clear mind can tell, I sharpened the swords as fast as I could. Only to see Aster and his gang of friends standing by the tree where Anna is sketching the village.

First, there's Spitelout Jorgeson, named after his adoptive father Snoutlout Jorgeson, in honor of his father. Man, the similarities between the three of them are still uncanny to me. I mean, the cockiness, the flirting...everything are just so similar.

Then, there's Rufflegs Ingberman, son of Ruffnut Thorston and Fishleg Ingberman. From what I heard, he's just like his father - a walking Book of Dragons. But unlike his father, who is a tad...big. He's well proportioned - something that I dreamed of having.

Of course there's Val. She always hangs around where the dragons are.

And then the devil himself...Aster.

Aster Finnegan Haddock.

I truly believe that he's out to make my life even more miserable. He often trains dragons and 'occasionally' make me life more terrible than what it is. And by occasionally, I mean always.

He never cares about me. In fact, I have determined that he is here to torture my soul. One example is by flirting with Anna.

I'm convinced that he's doing it because he wants to annoy me with the whole 'about to be dating Anna' thing.

To my relief, Anna never said yes to him. I don't know why she would but hey, at least she's not going on a date with him!

And to me, this looks like one of those times where he fails.

"For the last time, I'm not going out with you!" Anna said.

"But babe, didn't you wanna sketch me with my beautiful body." Aster said while purposely

looking at me from a distance Yes, Aster. I know. You're better than me, okay?

"Hey! I Thought that I was going to get sketched by her first!" Spitelout protested.

"I'm the chief's son AND the possible head of Berk Dragon Academy. Of course I go first."

"It's not fair!"

"Well, life's not fair!"

"Hey! Who said anything about drawing you two!" Anna was annoyed from what I can see.

"Besides, who said that you would be the head of Berk Dragon Academy? The position is supposed to be for the heir only!"

"Yeah, but the one that is heir can't even train dragons! The only heirs that are capable of training dragons are me and Val, and since Val is a girl, she can't be the Head of The Academy. So naturally, that leaves me."

"What! Who said that a girl can't be the head of the Academy?" Val barged right into the conversation.

"You can't. You're a girl. We can't have a girl be chief and the head of the Academy..."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, now just wait a minute. You're not counting in that Frostbite's going to be chief first!" Anna reminded Aster.

"He can't! If he couldn't train a dragon, then how you suppose to let hm take care of a village?"

"Well, he'll find his way...eventually. Right, Val?"

"Yeah...maybe...I'm not sure."Val is definitely not helping me out here.

"Look, Aster. Remember what your dad used to be?"

"A runt, like Frostbite."

"Well, he did managed to shoot down a Night Fury."

"Yes, but..."

"And managed to ride said Nigh Fury..."

"We're not talking about..."

"AND managed to kill the Red Death, right?"

"Why are we even talking about this? Frostbite is not like my father! Well maybe he is but he will never be as good as his dad. Aggh... forget it." I can see his face is becoming red.

Well, at least I know that someone cares about me, and it just so happens to be Anna. This day is sure getting better...

Oh no. Aster is coming this way. He must have saw me smiling!

"Well, well, well. If it isn't the King of screw-ups himself?" From what I heard from his tone, he is sure to be embarrassed... and angry. "I don't know why would Anna, out of all the people, would defend you."

He then walked towards my pile of notebooks.

No, is he going to...

"Well look at here, that's a nice, little drawing of Anna..." He pointed towards a drawing in the notebook.

No...

Not that one...

Out of all the ones that you can pick, why did you pick that one?

He throws it into the fire.

"Well now it's gone." He said harshly.

"Why would you do this to me?" I asked.

"Isn't it obvious? You're a pathetic loser that can't train dragons. So why would you need notebooks in the first place?"

That hit me hard. I can't believe he said that.

"Well I have my reasons!" I responded.

"Like what?"

"Well...uh...hey, we're talking about you burning my notebooks, not me!"

'What you're gonna do about it?"

"Tell mum and dad."

"Will they listen?"

"Probably not."

"That proofs my point right there. No one ever listen to you or care about you. You're just a pathetic loser!"

"No! That's not true. Anna cared about me."

"Like you know that's true. From what I know, she could have been defending you for other reasons, so what made you think of that?"

"Well...uh..."

"Face it, Frostbite, you're nothing more than a bucket. Now would you excuse me, I will be leaving."

And he left with his two friends, leaving me, devastatingly standing there.

How could he say those words?

\* \* \*

><p>"Uh dad, can I have a moment with you?" I asked.<p>

"Not now, son. I've to be getting the village ready for winter." He was busy putting food into the storage.

"But dad..."

"I'm really busy, son. Would you just go to talk to your mother about this?"

"Okay..."

\* \* \*

><p>"Mom, do you have a moment?" I asked<p>

"Sure, what is it?" She said it even tough she is making dinner.

"Aster burnt my notebook."

"Why didn't you hid it better?"

"Mom, it's not like that..."

"Or better yet, why didn't you stop him?"

"Nevermind, you're right, mom." I said as I walked upstairs, with my shoulders slumped down.

"Don't slouch, honey."

"Yes mom..."

The only thing I could wish for right now is a good night sleep.

Verpo's right. I need someone that I could talk to, to share his mess-ups, annoyances and problems. Ah... why does it have to be creepy old man that I met in the woods?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: And that's chapter two(or three). I really did pick up my pace at writing. This chapter only took me two days to finish and there's more original content this time.\*\*

\*\*I don't know why I hinted that Gobber is gay.(If you haven't known, it's been officially confirmed by the director.) I also don't know

why I put Gobber's actual age in here. Sometimes I think that I don't know what I'm doing.\*\*

\*\*Anyway, please review. It will make me very happy.\*\*

End  
file.